

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1806.

[No. 8.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.***THE ROBBER.**

An interesting narrative, from the pen of a celebrated English writer.

(In continuation.)

These thoughts, and the violence of a temper unused to contradiction, operated so forcibly on a very delicate and consumptive frame, that when she got home she found herself seriously ill; and though Theodore had not certainly taken the life of Allen, it was by no means so certain that he had not contributed to endanger the life of Mrs. Sedley.

But while Mrs. Sedley hastened out of court to hide her feelings from every one, Mr. Sedley could not bear to go without having some conversation with Theodore. Yet, how could he venture to approach him?

But Theodore spared him the effort; he accosted him, he seized his hand, he thanked him again and again for his past kindness, and that mercy which had saved him for atonement and amendment; and declared to him that he could easily excuse and pardon his enforced act of hostility against him; nay more, that he applauded it as an act of rigid duty.

"Oh, Theodore! I would, but dare not ask you home with me," cried Mr. Sedley:—and Theodore understood him.

But many gentlemen, and ladies too, in court, had been so prejudiced in his favour by what had passed, that invita-

tions flowed in on him on all sides; and the self-condemned, the contrite Theodore, saw himself the object of interest and respect.

To conclude my story:—Mrs. Sedley, the victim of her own bad temper, did not long survive Theodore's acquittal, and her husband felt relieved by her death. True; she had beauty; true, she had talents; but her temper enveloped them in a baleful mist, and made their attractions ineffectual, as a rose growing by chance in the midst of the holly bush, and its formidable thorns would vainly tempt the hand of the passenger to pull its fragrant beauties.

On her death, Mr. Sedley invited Theodore to live with him as his friend and companion, and to assist him (which he was very capable of doing) in the education of his only daughter, who was at school when Theodore first entered his family; while Allen, who had resolved never to leave Theodore, was made principal clerk to Mr. Sedley.

But Theodore, faithful to his resolution was not contented with saving Mr. Sedley the fatigues of attending to business, and assisting him to form the mind of his child; he devoted his fortune entirely to the purposes of charity, and his leisure hours to endeavour to comfort those who mourned from misfortune, or from the consciousness of guilt. But his most favourite mode of relieving distress was that of lending sums opportunely to tradesmen on the brink of bankruptcy, and by that means preserving them often from ruin; for he knew that, had his

father been so assisted, he and his mother should not have been reduced to absolute beggary, nor he have been obliged to leave college when about to distinguish himself there.

In the mean while, Mary Anne Sedley grew in beauty and in virtue; and Theodore was as fond of her as even her father was:—but, alas! he found at length, that though their affection was the same in degree, it was not the same in nature; and Theodore looking upon himself as incapacitated, by the crime of his early youth, to become the husband of miss Sedley, or of any woman, resolved to undertake a long journey, and not return till Mary Anne was married.

He at length summoned up resolution to communicate his intentions to Mr. Sedley, and he did so in the presence of his daughter; who started, and immediately left the room in tears.

"You see, Theodore, how the idea of losing you hurts that poor girl," cried Mr. Sedley; "have pity on her, if you have none on me."

"Oh, sir, replied Theodore, "allow me to have pity on myself."

He then laid open to Mr. Sedley the state of his heart, and had the satisfaction of finding that Mr. Sedley, despising the objections which might be urged by the world against his giving his daughter to a man disgraced as Theodore had been, would rejoice to bestow her on this well tried pupil of sorrow, this repentant child of error. Besides, he was convinced that his daughter loved him; and in

Julia D. Haman

Bronx

answer to Theodore's reasons for not marrying, which were such as he had urged on his trial, Mr. Sedley answered, " Well, I shall say no more; but Mary Anne shall decide."

He then went in pursuit of her; and having made known to her Theodore's love, he led the blushing but happy girl back into the room where he had left her, and Mary Anne heard from himself a disclosure of his passion, and the reason why he could not think of endeavouring to gain her affections.

" You need not take that trouble," replied Mary Anne; " for my father emboldens me to tell you, that my affections are yours already."

Away, for the moment at least, fled Theodore's disinterested resolutions and sage principles of action. He was beloved, and he was happy!—But his fears returned; and relinquishing again the hand which he had so fondly held, he exclaimed, " No:—it cannot, must not be—and I am doomed to be miserable."

" Mr. Mortimer," cried Miss Sedley (for Theodore had re-assumed his own name,) " you certainly have a right to be as miserable as you please, but not to make me miserable also, and I own that my happiness depends on you. And how weak are your arguments against becoming a husband! Is it not said that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repented, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance? And why should we suppose that mortals should dare to treat with contumely those whom the Deity regards with looks of complacency? Besides, suppose that any one were to reproach me, as you choose to imagine such a thing possible, with your juvenile error, should I not feel myself and you above the reach of the petty malice? while I answered, ' He makes me the happiest of women.'"

" But could you be happy, while con-

scious that I was to some people an object of scorn and aversion?"

" Why not? Those people ought to be, and must be, objects of scorn and aversion to me; and could my happiness be influenced by the opinion of the weak and the narrow-minded? Your crime was real and great, but so have been your virtues; and why should one crime be deemed heavy enough to outweigh many good actions?"

" But to have my children reproached with their father's crime!"

" Let them hear of it first from you—let them see how one fault can embitter a man's whole life, and they will tremble how they err themselves. Nor is it possible for children to be taught by any one to regard that parent with contempt, whose active virtues they are in the daily habit of witnessing. Once for all, remember that these fears are *only* fears, and may never be realised; whereas our mutual love is *reality*; and if fear is to be conqueror in this business, I shall be the sacrifice to what you imagine is virtue, but what I consider as weakness. Yet one thing more, remember I myself am a natural child, and to some might be an object of scorn."

Theodore was in love—Mr. Sedley was earnest in his solicitations, and Mary Anne—oh, how eloquent Mary Anne was! Theodore at length accepted the hand she offered—he married, and was happy. Nor had his wife and children ever reason to lament or recollect the repented crime of his youth, except when the remembrance of it cast a cloud over his brow, and forced him from their dear society, to indulge the salutary sorrow in temporary solitude. Meanwhile, Mr. Sedley, contemplating with pride the active virtues of Theodore, used to say to himself with a tear of honest self-approbation:

" Society owes me a great deal. Had I given Theodore up to the laws of his country, he would not have lived to bene-

fit and ornament it. Aye, well does the French proverb say, ' Qui n'est que juste est dur'; and I bless the day when I ventured to forget the magistrate in the man.

" But was it right to forgive him? and would not persons act very unwisely and wickedly, who should pardon great criminals in general, and let them loose on society, in hopes that they might one day or other turn out sages. Howards, and lawgivers?"

" Alas! there are few Theodores. Still though for blood I would have blood, except in very few cases indeed, I venture to express my wishes that the punishment of death was not so dreadfully frequent as it is. I wish that our legislators would not be so lavish of life, that important gift, which no one can restore; but would, contenting themselves with inflicting such punishment on offenders as does not preclude hope, put it in their power, by a revision of their criminal laws, to bid the trembling wretch repent, and live."

NOTE.

I beg leave to give the following extract from the entertaining memoirs of Mr. Cumberland, that veteran in the field of literature, whose mind, as rich and inexhaustible as the purse of Fortunatus, is always able to answer to his various demands on it, and has for years supplied an admiring world with the choicest stores of amusement and instruction.

" How liable he (Dr. Bently) was to deviate from the strict line of justice by his partiality to the side of mercy, appears from the anecdote of the thief, who robbed him of his plate, and was seized and brought before him with the very articles upon him. The natural process in the man's case pointed out the road to prison. My grandfather's process was more summary, but not quite so legal.

" While commissary Greaves, who was then present, and of counsel for the college *ex officio*, was expatiating on the crime, and prescribing the measures obviously to be taken with the offender, doctor Bently interposed, saying, " Why tell the man he is a thief? He knows that well enough without thy information Greaves. Hark ye fellow, thou seest the trade which thou hast taken up is an unprofitable trade: therefore get thee gone: lay aside an occupation from which thou

canst get nothing but a halter, and follow that by which thou mayest gain an honest livelihood."

"Having said this, he ordered him to be set at liberty, against the remonstrances of the bystanders, and, insisting upon it that the fellow was duly penitent for his offence, bade him go his way and never steal again.

"I leave it to those (says Mr. Cumberland) who consider mercy as one of man's best attributes, to suggest a plea for the informality of this proceeding.

And I request such of my readers as may be inclined to censure with bitterness the lenity of Mr. Sedley, to recollect, that if he erred, he had the honor of erring in the same manner as did the great and excellent Dr. Bently.

ERRATA.—In our last number page 54, read When on the once lov'd form the vacant eye shall roll,

The error was not discovered until too late for amendment.

For the *Lady's Miscellany*

ON AFFECTATION.

She has most charms who is the most sincere.

GARTH.

WHEN we observe affectation in the female breast, usurping the throne of reason, we justly suspect that there exists but few of those pleasing and natural traits of character, which have in every age delighted and fascinated mankind. There is indeed, scarcely any failing, which is more easily observed, or more generally disliked, than this. It uniformly creates in the mind sentiments of disgust, which are with the greatest difficulty effaced. Let her who practises affectation, possess every external charm, and every internal accomplishment, yet will she not by these means lessen our dislike, or soften our disapprobation, but rather, if any thing, increase them. When we chance to see a female having some pretensions to beauty, but few to sense, assume this quality, we are neither surprised nor astonished; but when we behold one of our sex possessing a refined soul, and an enlightened

understanding, make use of this little art, we are more strongly inclined to censure her conduct, as she by the means sinks herself to the level of those who have nothing but their external charms to boast of; and also renders herself ridiculous and contemptible in the circles of her acquaintance, and in the eyes of the world.

age ; it is the enemy of friendship, and the bane of social intercourse ; in a word affectation cankers every virtue, and tarnishes every accomplishment, and it renders those who are infected with it, unhappy to themselves, and disagreeable to the world.

PORTIA.

PITHY SENTENCES.

NAMERTEA, the Spartan, being styled by a stranger, The happy, on account of the number of his friends, asked him, "How such as had many, should know whether they were sincere or pretended?" He could not tell, was the answer. 'Learn then,' said Namertea, 'BY ADVERSE FORTUNE.'

TIMON, the Athenian, being asked why he hated mankind, sullenly answered, 'I hate the bad for being so, and the rest for not hating the bad.'

WIT and understanding are trifles without integrity. It is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant, without faults, is greater than the philosopher with many :—for what is genius, what is courage, without an heart ?

THERE are occasions when *nothing* can repair the effect of a word rashly uttered!—The lover can *fardon*, but not *forget*. An heart deeply wounded, is never again completely restored. Tenderness and sensibility may preserve from *resentment*, but *no*: from *suffering*.

GREAT errors are often connected with elevated sentiments ; but, in order to understand this, we must, ourselves, possess greatness of soul.

THOSE who outlive their incomes by splendour in dress or equipage, are well said to resemble a *town on fire*, which shines by that which destroys it.

Who has a daring eye, tells downright truths, and downright lies.

FALSE CONJECTURES.

[Translated from the French]

DALANCOURT brings into society a singular failing ; he would penetrate the meaning of every one's actions. Ever since he thought himself a comic author, merely by writing a few farces, he imagines that he ought to be continually on the watch for new matter ; to every trifling gesture he gives a mysterious meaning ; he explains the most insignificant signs, and fathoms the intentions of all that he sees. If you walk out with him, he tells you the profession of every passenger, from whence they come, or what they think, and where they are going ; if you press him, he will even tell you what business will occupy their attention the whole week.

Unfortunately, Dalancourt has more curiosity than penetration, so that he is often, by following his first ideas, grievously mistaken in his conjectures, and, as he has still more self-love than curiosity, he will not easily alter his first opinion ; on the contrary, every discovery only tends to confirm it, and every thing appears possible, except that he is mistaken.

Dalancourt is married ; his wife has a sister, who has been a widow several years, but still young and beautiful : the two sisters have the warmest friendship for each other, and are often together.

One day, on returning home, Dalancourt found them both alone : the eyes of his sister-in-law were still red with tears. When he entered, they rose with precipitation, and affected an air of gaiety. He heard his sister-in-law whisper the following words to his wife, which soon awoke his observing genius :—“ Above all things, say nothing of it to your husband.”

He immediately sets his imagination

at work to find out this great secret which they wished to conceal from him.

A few days after, he conducted his wife to his sister-in-law's :—they had scarcely embraced each other, when the former said to the other, “ Well, is he not returned ? ” “ Alas ! no,” replied the sister-in-law ; “ I plainly see I must no longer hope for it, and I shall endeavour to console myself.”

The question and answer were both spoken in an indifferent manner ; but nothing is indifferent to the observing Dalancourt ; he has remarked in his sister-in-law a rooted sorrow ; he immediately interprets the cause of it ; her lover has abandoned her, and she regrets his absence. She is young and full of sensibility. Dalancourt pitied her sincerely.

Dalancourt was at a loss to conjecture who the faithless lover could be. His sister-in-law lived very retired, and saw no person. This he construed into another proof of love : when one loves, all company is disgusting, except that of the beloved object.

Firmly bent upon penetrating this mystery, he went to see his sister-in-law ; he examined her ; threw out several equivocal words ; told her he had noticed her melancholy, and even gave her to understand that his wife had let out the secret. At last he said—“ I know, in short, what afflicts you, and I am come to console you for the loss you have sustained.” “ Pshaw,” cried the lady, “ you mock me with your compassion ; for you men have not the least feeling on such occasions.” “ Pardon me,” replied Dalancourt, “ I always participate in the afflictions of a friend.” “ Well, then, scold me, make me ashamed of my weakness. I will never indulge any more of these foolish affections : I have sworn it to myself, and I will keep my word.” “ Do not be too certain of any thing, my dear sister ; have not you often resolved to have no more ? ” “ Yes, two or three times—every time that they went from

me.” “ You have only had two or three different ones ! ” “ That is enough.” “ It proves, at least, that you have kept them a long time.” “ Always as long as I could ; when I lost them it was not my fault.” “ I believe it.” “ I feel the stroke more sensibly, because I would not wish any one to notice the chagrin which I endure.”

After this conversation, Dalancourt was more convinced than ever of the justice of his suspicions.

A few days afterwards, he found in his wife's chamber, a letter from his sister-in-law : it was unsealed ; curiosity, and the insurmountable desire of verifying his observations, hurried him on : he read it.

After several trifling things, commissions, &c. he came to the following lines, every word of which, made him tremble.

“ I am afraid that your prying husband has found out the cause of my sorrow. Can it be you who have betrayed me ? —I flatter myself that you have not. But be assured that I am half consoled for the loss which I have suffered. I wait with impatience for the birth of that little being who will fill the place in my heart, which its father occupied. I will give it the same name, and I hope it will be as pretty as he was ; but I flatter myself it will not be so ungrateful, and that it will never quit me.”

Dalancourt's suspicions now became of an alarming nature.—“ It is but too clear,” said he to himself, ‘ I am not deceived. Unfortunate woman ! But the mischief is done, and I must endeavour to console her.’

Full of this idea, he hired an apartment in a retired part of the country, and a nurse. These precautions taken, he returned to his sister-in-law's. The next thing was, how to introduce so delicate a subject.

He began by slightly mentioning the

misfortune which had happened to her, and the sufferings she had endured, in consequence of it. "I am sure, my dear sister," said he, "you must be in want of a little amusement. Suppose you were to pass some time in the country: my wife and myself intend to take a lodging there."—"I thank you: I will come and see you sometimes; but I must remain at Paris."—"I advise you not to do that; your neighbours and the public will find out the cause of your sorrow."—Oh! that they have done already; I have not concealed it, and they may think of it as they please."—"That is acting with spirit, but your health will require care and better air."—"Don't be afraid; I am not yet as foolish as to let such a trifle injure my health."—"What! not in the state you are in?"—"How, in the state I am in; what do you mean?"—"You know that I am very observing."—"Well, and what have you observed?"—"You also know how much I love you, and I flatter myself that you owe me this confidence."—"What confidence?"—"Confess—pardon me, but I must speak plainly; confess—that you are pregnant," added he, bashfully, and lowering his voice. "I will sooner confess that you are mad," cried she, in a rage; "but where did you learn this?"—"It is strange that you should pretend to deny it; you have written to my wife; I have seen your letter; and, since every thing must come out, an apartment in the country is hired for you, and all ready for your lying-in."—"What are you talking about?"—"Don't be offended; here is your letter; be upon good terms with a brother who loves you."

The sister-in-law looked at the letter, burst into a fit of laughter, quitted the room, and entered in a moment afterwards with a basket, in which was a pretty little Angola cat. "Here it is, here it is," said she, holding her sides; this is the little being that is to supply its father's place! it is the son of Lubin, that I was so fond of, and whose loss I have so much lamented. Your wife has deceived you, brother, or else this is a trait of your ge-

nius, one of your profound observations."

Dalancourt was petrified! His self-love suffered for a moment; but he soon raised the siege, and departed, saying to himself, "She has parried the thrust very cleverly; but I saw in her eyes that she meant to deceive; there is certainly something under all this which cannot long escape my penetration."

N. G.

We select the following pleasant satire from the *Emerald*. The author has written a series of numbers under the signature of "*The Wanderer*," and may truly be said to possess a "most excellent fancy."

TO THE WANDERER.

SIR,

FEELING a disposition to maintain the prerogatives of our sex, I take the liberty of calling your attention to the present provoking female assumption in the important article of dress. Unless your authority be immediately interposed against a late innovation, all external distinctions between beauxs and belles will shortly be done away, and a man no longer be distinguishable from a woman, except by the appearance of muscular strength, or a long beard, a circumstance much to be deprecated by myself and several others, who are in the habit of lounging through the mornings on the *ladies' exchange*. But to set the absurdity of the present fashionable costume in a full point of view, I will relate to you a circumstance which took place a few days since much to my discomfiture. I will premise that I am very short-sighted, but I have been so confoundedly bored for wearing spectacles, that I never appear with them in the street. Well, Sir, as I was dashing through Cornhill the other morning, in search of my friend Fribble, intending to sun myself for a couple of hours, I thought I observed him skip out of a shop. Hastening my pace, I soon came up, and giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder, roared out the usual salutation—"How are you Jack?" Judge my astonish-

ment, when a pair of sparkling black eyes stared me full in the face, and discovered, that instead of accosting Fribble, I had brought too a female, with whom I had not the slightest acquaintance, but who, habited in a loose cloth coat and one of those cursed slouched beaver hats, looked *full as much like a man*, as my friend Jack. After apologizing as well as I could, awkwardly enough you may be sure, I slunk away and determined to complain to you. For my own part, unless you take the matter up at once, I should not be surprised if russet boots should soon be added to the cloth coat and beaver hat, and that swaggering through the streets with *hazel stickees*, our dashing belles will fairly drive us from our lounging places; or at least, reduce those of us who have pale faces and a diminutive appearance, to the disagreeable alternative of wearing a bonnet and swinging an *indispensable*, to mark, in some sort, a line of distinction.

I am, Sir,
superlatively yours,
PETER PALLID.

Fashion has so firmly established her throne in the empire of Folly, that it has become almost vain to oppose her power, or refuse obedience to her commands, although fickle as *Eolus*, the goddess changes her ordinances as frequently as the god his winds. No astonishment ought then to be expressed, if after long ranging through the regions of fancy, her votaries should have exhausted the variety of female decoration, and that manners should be changed like muslins, or distinction of costume like discarded damasks. With the reigning mode, of which Mr. Pallid complains, the Wanderer dares not interfere. He numbers many females among his readers, and will not forfeit their esteem by quarrelling with the arrangement of a top-knot, or the economy of a shoe-string, but reserve the weight of authority that he possesses, till the *boots* and *stickees* are absolutely shorn.

But before Mr. Pallid's letter is dismissed, a word of advice is offered to gen'men who, like him, are fearful of being mistaken for members of the *softer sex*. Were the hours which they waste in *lounging on the female exchange*, or perusing trivial amusement devoted to such studies and occupations as give a masculine tone to the mind, they need not fear being condemned for diminutiveness of figure, or delicacy of complexion. Unfortunately, however, the dissipation of the present day, while it impairs the powers of the corporeal system, debilitates the mental faculties, and a *genuine choice spirit* has as little vigour of intellect, as strength of constitution.

Mr. Pallid and his associates would do well to ponder on their situation, for if they proceed in their present vapid course of life, unambitious of literary adornment, relying solely on the assumption of male attire to substantiate their claim to manhood, a *bonnet* and a *work-bag* may soon be thought appropriate emblems to designate a modern beau, and a *caning* from a spirited girl be found the only possible expedient for inspiring him with ambition.

Z.

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

AMIDST the various luminaries which have enlightened the hemisphere of French literature, none have shone with a more distinguished lustre than JOHN RACINE. His dramatic works hold the first place in the annals of Tragedy, and have deservedly gained him a reputation which will remain while genius and poetry have any charms in the eyes of mankind. If in strength and sublimity he yields to VOLTAIRE, all agree that he surpasses in pathos and tenderness, in touching the finer strings of the soul and captivating "the willing heart."

As by his compositions he knew how to command the applause and admiration of the world, so in private life his amiable

deportment and amicable disposition endeared his friends to him, by ties far more lasting and uninterrupted. Racine in his early life, although far from being dissipated or profane, was very much devoted to gaiety and amusement, especially to that of the stage; the reflection that he had mispent life in this manner, threw him into a deep despondency, and about his 38th year he even entered into the resolution of taking up the habit of a Carthusian and devoting the remainder of his life to penitence and self mortification; this, however, he was dissuaded from. But as he had an uncle who was a canon of the church, and who promised to resign him his benefice, he applied himself to the study of theology under his uncle's inspection; having previously removed to Usez where his uncle resided.

It is from this place, that in his more lively moments like Cowper's during his lucid intervals, he would write letters to his confidential friends in a style so playful and easy as approaches very near to that of the pensive poet of the Ouse.

Amongst his posthumous letters published by his son Louis there are some addressed to M. Le Vasseur, who it appears was a young gentleman with whom he was in habits of the tritest intimacy, and who was not only possessed of a refined taste, but had also at least a share of poetical genius. If the following translation of one of these letters meet your approbation, Mr. editor, you will please to insert it. It is selected, not because it is the prettiest, but because it is one of the shortest. Perhaps some other may be sent you on a future occasion.

Yours, &c. △

—
Usez, May 16, 1662.

To M. Le Vasseur.

ALTHOUGH it is always a pleasure to me to have some prate with you, yet today you must dispense with a very lengthy one. I received a visit this evening from a young man of our city here, who is ac-

complished enough, but who is passionately in love. You must know that in this part of the globe there are no instances of mediocrity in love: all the passions are here extravagant, and the *esprits* of this city who in other matters are superficial enough, plunge deeper in this vortex than those of any country under heaven. Notwithstanding this, if we except three or four persons that are really handsome the beauties are but common ones. Icis, happens to be among the first; he conversed with me on the subject for a long time, and shewed me letters, billets and even verses; without which, they imagine a love affair cannot go on legitimately.

For my own part I should rather make love in plain prose than in sorry verse; to this however they cannot agree, and happen what may, poets they must be. To my great misfortune they think that I am one, and accordingly make me umpire of all their productions. You can conceive that I suffer no little; for how can any one bear patiently to have his ears perpetually stunned with so many rascally performances, and after all to say that they are *all excellent!* I have learnt to constrain myself a little, and to manufacture a multitude of reverences and compliments *à la mode* of this country. Adieu, my dear friend; and as the Spaniard says, "antes muerto que mudo,"—Better dead than dumb.

JEAN RACINE.

ANECDOCE OF SIR WM. GOUGH.

NOTHING is unworthy of publication which may convey an useful lesson to mankind. When Sir William Gouch was Governor of Virginia, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street in the city of Williamsburg, he returned the salute of a poor negro, who was passing by about his master's busines. "Sir," said the gentleman, "does your honour descend so far as to salute a slave?"—"Why, yes," replied the Governor, "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

SATURDAY, Dec. 20.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

Mr. Cooper, we understand, has fixed on a Night for the benefit of the four orphan children of the late Mrs. Jones.

Extract of a letter from a respectable gentleman at Washington, dated Dec. 12th.

" You may inform our citizens that the defense of New-York will be carried with steady and firm steps. I have from the Executive the firmest assurances, that the work's begun on Governor's island, will be succeeded by other works near the city and at the narrows, in due order; and every thing shall be done in regular progression, that we can reasonably require."

Lucien Bonaparte having been thrown down from his bed by the shock of an earthquake, which was felt on the 26th of August in the Ecclesiastical states, he repaired, on the same day, from his Villa where the accident happened, to Rome, went to church, and caused a public Thanksgiving to be performed for the preservation of his life !!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

" The female complainant" merits our attention, and shall be inserted next week.

" An impressive sketch" claims a place in the columns of our next number.

Deaths in this city during the last week—Men 12, Women 6, Boys 19, Girls 12—total 49. [Three of these were children, whose deaths were occasioned by their catching fire—The practice of cloathing children with cotton cloth, ought to be abolished.]

" As the eye
Bears witness to the light, or the charm'd ear
To tuneful indulgence: so their hearts
Strike unison to the great law of love."

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, at Newtown, L. I. by the rev. Mr. Woodhul, Mr. Robert J. Bruce, merchant, of this city, to Miss Ann Ledyard, daughter of the late Dr. Isaac Ledyard.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Henry Erb, merchant, to Miss Rebecca Cress.—Mr. Amos Davis, to Miss Thomas.—At Baltimore, Mr. Thomas Galbreath, to Miss Rosanna Willis. William Dabbins, to Miss Eliza Allen.—At Bethlehem Mr. John Winne, to Miss Cornelia Van Duzen.

At Charleston, Mr. B. Fordham, to Miss E. F. Vanderherchen.—Capt Robert Fisher, to Miss Hannah Ingraham, both of Philadelphia.

NEW-YORK FREE SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The committee appointed by the trustees of the New-York Free School Society, to carry into effect the design of the Institution, and to superintend the school do, with great pleasure, acknowledge the receipt of the benevolent donation of 187 yds coating, 33 do black cord, 15 3-4 do 1 1/2 do thickset, 47 do baize, 6 do corderoy, 39 do muslin, 26 do plattillas, and 6 groce buttons, which has been chiefly contributed by John Cane, Joshua Waddington, John Ellis, Mason and Smedes, Rogers and Lambert, David Dunham, John Haggerty, Ogden and Harrison, Thomas Glover, Benjamin Bakewell, Hone, Livingston, and co. Grand J. Aspinwall, Lawrence and Van Sinderen, Maj. Gillespie and Titus, John Atkinson and Son, Isaac Lawrence and Co. Daniel Boardman, R. & J. Sharp, John Taylor, J. J. Corthers, Nehemiah Merritt, and H. and M. Franklin, for the purpose of furnishing the scholars with great coats and other cloathing, in order that they may be enabled to attend school during the winter season, without which assistance, most of them being of indigent parents and orphan children, might by the inclemency of the weather be prevented from attending.

The committee apprehend they shall not do justice to the public, or the cause they have espoused, should they any longer delay stating to their fellow citizens, that the institution, (though in its infancy) is gradually progressing, and promises, in proportion as it receives private aid, and public patronage, to become one of the most useful and benevolent establishments which hath been founded in this, or any other city in our country. The present consists of fifty-six boys, which are about as many as the room can accommodate—and although it was thought requisite in the first instance, to preclude the admission of girls, yet it is in contemplation to extend the benefit of

the institution to both sexes; and the trustees look forward to a period, which they hope is not very remote, when thro' the medium of additional private donations, and the liberality of the Corporation they may be furnished with a building adequate to the accommodation of at least 3 or 4 hundred children, which to every feeling and considerate mind, must open a prospect the most pleasing and animating:—It is also doing no more than justice to state—that the Instructor, William Smith, appears to be not only qualified for the station he fills, but evinces a warm attachment to the Institution and seems very solicitous to promote its welfare—and having adopted the new system of education by Joseph Lancaster in London, which is calculated not only to bring forward and instruct with great facility, but so admirable is the arrangement, as to enable one Instructor to have the superintendence of 500 or more pupils) he is encouraged to believe the scheme is practicable, and wishes the experiment to be made in this city:—and as the Committee are well satisfied with the improvement the scholars have already made, and with the order and management of the school, they take this opportunity to invite the subscribers and other citizens to judge for themselves, by calling at the school room, which is situated on the North side of Bunker st. between Roosevelt and James streets.

* When we reflect on the important objects contemplated by the establishment of this school, which are to extend the benefits of a virtuous education to a neglected part of society, the feelings of every humane and sensible mind cannot but be interested for its promotion and success, on which ground the Committee presume on the further liberality and benevolence of the public.

HENRY TEN BROOK,
GARRET H. VAN WAGENAN,
JOHN MURRAY, JUN.

* All the different printers in this city are requested to give the above a place in their papers.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

(Selected.)

CONJUGAL LOVE.

An irregular Ode.

WHEN'ER a comely youth and blooming fair
To Hymen's happy temple now repair,
The mutual vow that binds each doating heart,
Declares their love shall last "till death them
part."

But mark, ye fair ones, how the dames of old,
Warm eastern dames revered their lord and master
Could death the sacred tie of Love unfold?
Death only serv'd to bind Love's knot the faster.

For when her spouse's breath departed,
The widow'd fair each moment counted,
Dissolv'd in tears, and broken hearted,
Till on his funeral pile she mounted.

Then when the dreadful heap was lighted,
And fierce the raging flames ascended,
'Twas bliss, that, as in Life united,
In death their ashes should be blendid.

But who in *modern times* so rash is,
For a dead spouse to burn to ashes?
Nay, tho' the notion might revive one,
Who is't will do it for a live one?

Did Cupid then of old inspire
In eastern bosoms purer fire?
Or, as the world and time grow older,
Do ladies' gentle hearts grow colder?

No—I fain would suppose that the dames of our days,
Most gladly would follow the example so set 'em—

And think it was rapture, and smile at the blaze,
Were it not for the ill-natur'd world it wout let 'em

How then can modern fair ones prove
The affection their spouses felt?

How shew the greatness of their love
That in their tender bosoms dwelt?

The only way to woman left,
To prove how dear they held each other,
Is, when of one lov'd spouse bereft,
Straight to get married to another.

Then tho' the ladies of yore had the old fashion'd notion
That pleasure might thus be deriv'd out of pain,
More sensible those who, to show their devotion
Cry "Hey, to the Temple of Hymen again!"

W. W.

C E L I A.

THOUGH Celia's fair—so very fair
Fastidious Fancy can't improve her,
And kind as lovely—much I fear
To love her; nearly as I love her.

For she in dogmas drawn from schools
Replies, when I from nature speak;
She talks of Aristotle's rules,
And I can't read a word of Greek.

I mention love, and she says, Knowledge
Can tell its length, and breadth, and height,
I say, the Church—she says, the College
Alone gives protestations weight.

I'm sure she loves—her heart is warm—
But I'm a clown and unrefin'd—
And I can't wed a female form
Unless it boast a female mind.

G. S.

EPIGRAMS.

On being advised to Marry.

Sir, you are prudent, good, and wise
I own and thank you from my heart,
And much approve what you advise;
But let me think—before I start.

For folks well able to discern,
Who know what 'tis to take a wife,
Say, tis a case of such concern,
A man should think on't—all his life.

The Lover's Legacy.

Unhappy Strephon, dead and cold,
His heart was from his bosom rent,
Embalm'd, and in a box of gold,
To his beloved Kitty sent.

Some ladies might perhaps have fainted
But *Kitty* smil'd upon the bauble.
A pin-cushion, said she, I wanted,
Go, put it on my dressing-table.

Proof Positive.

"My Celia's willing chains I wear,"
Sigh'd love-sick—"true," answered John,
"Willing they must be, for in truth,
Her charms could never force them on."

LINES,

On receiving a Card of Invitation, containing the significant words 'At Home.'

In days of yore twas nothing strange
Nor damsels ne'er from home to range;
But now 'tis so uncommon grown,
'Tis requisite to make it known
That they (O wonder!) for a day
Intend, for once, *at home* to stay!

On the subject of reading the *Book of Fate*,
Shakespeare has made the fourth Henry beautifully observe:

"O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his proges thro'
What perils, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and lay him down and die."

Our pleasures are destroyed by the most trifling things: and may be compared to beds of flowers, amongst which some will undoubtedly be crushed—and one crushed flower is sufficient to disquiet us.

VERY nice scruples are sometimes the effect of a great mind—but of none of a little one.

PERSONAL beauty, especially of countenance and motion, is chiefly produced by moral sentiment.

As some poisonous animals carry about these an antidote to their own venom, so do most people for the offence they give by slight, hatred, and contempt.

Is not care to adorn oneself a proof of humility; as it shews we are desirous to please?

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